



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS, 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. V.—NO. 32.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 240.

## The Principles of Nature.

FROM DR. HARE.

SUNDRY ARGUMENTS AND QUOTATIONS IN REPUTATION OF THE ERRORS OF  
"F. J. B."

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THAT as respects Jesus of Nazareth personally, my sentiments may not appear either disrespectful or antagonistic, I deem it due to that personage and to myself to premise the following communication, by quoting a few lines which may be seen subjoined to the conclusion of the anti-evangelical strictures in my work upon Spiritualism, page 426.

### EXPLANATION RESPECTING JESUS CHRIST.

My Spirit sister alleges that Christ never uttered the language recorded as his, and upon which I have commented. This being admitted, I hope that nothing which I have said may be considered as bearing personally on a being who is so much an object of devotion with many of my dearest connections, relations and friends. I wish it to be understood that it is only on the doctrines imputed to Christ I have intended to animadvert, not upon Jesus himself.

### ON THE STORY, OR ALLEGED PARABLE OF DIVES AND LAZARUS.

Speaking of the absurdities of the Bible, the ancient skeptic, Celsus, urges, "That the more rational of the Jews and Christians turn them into allegories, because they are ashamed of them." Thus "F. J. B." and other devout believers in Scripture, after holding it up as the result of divine inspiration, strive to escape from the defense of its objectionable features by treating them as parables.

Admitting the story of Lazarus and Dives to be a parable—admitting that, like the illustration sought in the story of the prodigate, yet finally repentant, son, it is to be viewed as a fiction, yet are not fictions often as instructive of the real life as narrations of actual occurrences? Is not the edifying merit of a fiction deemed proportional to its agreement with human life? Is not the story of the prodigate son intended to present a true picture just as much as if all the incidents mentioned had really occurred? Consistently it does not lessen the grounds for disgust, whether the incidents in the illustration of the fate of a selfish, rich man, were real or fictitious. Can it be supposed that the vicegerent missionary of God, if not his son, would resort to an illustration which had no basis in reality? Would the illustration of the redeeming efficacy of sincere contrition, in the story of the repentant prodigate, have any weight, were the events suggested of a very improbable character? Does not the whole force of the instruction conveyed rest in the truthfulness of the portraiture? May not all this be said of the representation made of the consequences of selfish demeanor toward the poor, in the fate of Dives? If no analogous punishment had ever been suffered, or could be suffered, how could the alleged parable produce any effect upon those to whom it was addressed?

There is a coincidence in the language in the use of the word "bosom," as the place in which Lazarus existed with Abraham,

with that of Josephus as cited by Harbaugh, which tends to justify Harbaugh in considering the account of Hades, ascribed to Josephus, as well founded. Could the parable have had any rational basis, had not the imagery of Hades been preëxisting in the minds of those for whose edification the story was devised? When in my boyhood I first read this story, I was puzzled by the allegation that Lazarus was in Abraham's bosom, taking the statement as I did, literally, and under the idea that everything in the Gospel was to be believed, however repugnant to my juvenile reason.

Does it not afford confirmation of the account of hell given by Josephus, and which tallies with the parable, so called, adduced in the Gospel? Does it not, I ask, afford confirmation that the picture therein given of Hades is reliable—that in the Apostles' Creed Christ is alleged to have descended into hell, and whence he did not ascend until the third day? In the catechism promulgated by the Council of Trent,\* held toward the close of the sixteenth century, the following language is used:

We profess that, immediately after the death of Christ, his soul descended into hell, and dwelt there while his body remained in the grave. \* \* Again: By the word hell is not here meant the sepulcher, as some not less impiously than ignorantly, have imagined. \* \* Hell here signifies those secret abodes in which are detained souls that have not been admitted to regions of bliss, a sense in which the word is frequently used in Scripture. \* \* These abodes are not all of the same nature, for among them is that most loathsome and dark prison, in which the souls of the damned are burned, with unclean Spirits, in eternal and inextinguishable fire. This dread abode is called *gehenna*, or the bottomless pit, and strictly means hell. \* \* Lastly, the third kind of abode is that into which the souls of the just who died before Christ, were received, where, without experiencing any pain, and supported by the blessed hope of redemption, they enjoyed peaceful repose. To liberate those souls who, in the *bosom* of Abraham were expecting the Savior, Christ the Lord descended into hell.

Here we have the highest Christian Church authority—that of the celebrated Council of Trent—for a representation of hell, coinciding with that on which Dr. Harbaugh and myself have relied as sanctioned by revelation.

I am aware that the authority of the councils of the Roman Church is not admitted by a minority of those who call themselves Christians; but I have urged in my work that it would not be more unreasonable to assume that a competent farmer could sow garlic for wheat, than to allege that if God was the sower of the seed in Judea, Romanism was not the crop with which he intended to occupy the soil of Christendom. See my work, ¶ 1127.

It is, as I conceive, one of the evidences of the destruction of reasoning power which educational bigotry induces, that while prescience as well as omnipotence is ascribed to God, this inevitable consequence of these attributes is overlooked; that nothing can exist for an instant contrary to his will, and that, consequently, either he did not interfere to implant any religion, or

\* See Catechism of the Council of Trent, published by command of Pope Pius V., and translated into English by the Rev. T. Donovan, Professor in the Royal College, Maynooth.

that whatever was implanted by his agency must have been just such as he intended. See my work, ¶ 1253 to 1276.

To my mind it is a most gross and palpable contradiction, to represent that God could be the author of any system so entirely the opposite of his wishes, as "F. J. B." and other Protestants would represent Romanism to have been, for the most part of the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since the death of Christ.

But it is enough for my argument, that by the great majority of Christians who profess to hold the Apostles' Creed, it is believed that Christ descended into hell; and hell being such a place as the Council of Trent has defined, the reasoning which I have founded thereon is fully justified. It is enough for my argument, that by the impression thus sanctioned, Christians for the most part are made more fearful of death than Pagans; so that according to the *Christian* traveler and missionary, Mr. Huc,\* the Chinese contemplate death with much greater cheerfulness than the believers in Christianity. With the self-complacent *naiveté* of a devotee, Huc attributes this to their want of religion; that is, the want of *his* religion, which holds up such horrible ideas of our possible sufferings in a future state of existence, while of any possible bliss there is no intelligible prospect held up. ¶ 764 to 771.

It is remarkable that by one set of bigots the want of belief in Christianity has been represented as the cause of apprehension to dying skeptics, so as to make them preëminently fearful of death; while by another, as above shown, this want of belief is considered as the cause of indifference to the approach of the grim potentate.

By Spiritualists, death is viewed as a *spiritual birth*. The lugubrious systematic mourning looked for by Christians, shows how much more it is viewed as an evil by them. Not to wear mourning, nor to avoid gay society on the death of a near relative, is generally reprobated as an evidence of heartlessness by those who derive their notions of the future world from Scripture. See my work, ¶ 740 to 761.

Admitting that mortals are liable to be deceived by Satan into a belief that they are obtaining communications from angels, when it is from him or his imps that they proceed, would it not be consistent to suppose that the donation to Abraham of lands, with the inhabitants to be extirpated at convenience, was made by Satan personating Jehovah, agreeably to the opinion of some ancient believers in the Gospel?

"F. J. B." inquires wherefore, while relying on the communications made to me from the Spirit-world, I do not rely on those made to Abraham by God. I may inquire, *wherefore*, while "F. J. B." relies on the communications made to Abraham, he does not rely on those made to me? Of the former he has no better evidence than that of a book of unknown authorship, said to have been found by an obscure priest, some two thousand six hundred years ago. But while "F. J. B." bestows no credit on

\* Journey through the Chinese Empire, by Dr. Huc, page 42, volume 2. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York, 1855.



the spiritual evidence which I adduce, he expects me, in consequence of my belief in the latter, to believe in those claimed for Abraham, with which the information obtained through my Spirit friends is irreconcilable.

If the communications which "F. J. B." asks me to give to those of Abraham, all that I have written against the Bible is sanctioned by my Spirit friends, as it was written under their supervision, if not impressment.

"F. J. B." refers to Dr. Channing's opinion that we are to use reason in reading the Bible; yet, agreeably to the Orthodox it is impious to set up our reason against that pretended word of God as construed by the Church; and under the designation of Orthodoxy, may be comprised at least three-fourths of all existing Christians.

In my work (1182) I have quoted and parodied the letter of a distinguished orthodox divine, agreeably to which the Bible is not subject to human reason; but, on the contrary, wherever our reason is in conflict with its doctrines, we must yield, unless we are willing to take the ground of the infidel, from which we should shrink back as from the border of an open pit of destruction.

While "F. J. B." cites Dr. Channing's opinions when in the flesh, but overlooks those received since he reached the Spirit-world, let "F. J. B." look at the two convocations of Spirits made to me under test conditions. Let him compare the care and precision with which the evidence of my mission was obtained, with that which can be adduced in support of the mission of Moses.\*

It will be seen that in both of the manifestations to which I refer for authentication, the immaculate Channing was among the signers.†

To allege that because I believe in the Spirit manifestations, which I have witnessed, I should believe in those pretended to have been made more than 3,000 years ago, which conflict therewith, is a specimen of the logic of "F. J. B.," and how greatly educational bigotry is injurious to reason.

It is universally admitted in Courts of Justice, that the statements of a culprit are good against himself, but are not sufficient for his vindication. In my opinion, if Abraham pleaded, in justification of his turning his son and son's mother out of doors, the commands of the God of this universe, it was manifestly a mere pretence, and adds to the atrocity of the crime. Wickedness is prominently odious when coupled with religious imposition.

The only opening by which an escape from this imputation can be imagined, seems to be that of his having been duped by some evil spirit personating Jehovah.

That communications are made by Spirits is conceded by the Roman Church in general, and by many of the Protestants; but they are alleged to come from Satan or his imps. Admitting, then, that Abraham and his posterity did imagine themselves to have communications from an invisible being personating Jehovah, who authorized them to take the lands and lives of their neighbors, "*instead of loving them as themselves*," how is it determined that those diabolic suggestions did not come from Satan or evil spirits? How is it proven that Satan did not personate the Deity in all those cases where the Bible counsels spoliation and massacre, or expresses such malevolence as that of the 109th Psalm?

The idea of the agency of Satan in the manifestations by the Jews, ascribed to the God of the universe, was suggested during the first few centuries of the existence of Christianity.‡

Evidently the Devil could not have held up a greater bait to the cupidity and selfishness of human nature than the offer made to Abraham of all the lands between the Nile and the Euphrates, with the privilege, *as the agent of Divine Justice*, to extirpate the ten nations resident thereupon. Thus he was tempted, *in the name of God*, to do precisely what the most selfish and unfeeling of mankind would have been prompted to perpetrate by his own wickedness and the advice of an arch-fiend. If the maxim is to avail, "*by their fruit ye shall know them*," let the communications of my Spirit father, respecting the Spirit-world, be compared with this offer to Abraham, and let any just being decide which is to be ascribed to diabolic communion!

The Gnostics attributed the part ascribed to Jehovah by the Bible, to the doings of an inferior, subordinate Deity. This drew

the main line of distinction between them and Catholic Christians.

Disbelieving in the existence of a Devil, for reasons heretofore given in my communications to the TELEGRAPH, and in my work on Spiritualism, I have only intended to urge that those who call in his agency to account for the angelic communication which I have received from my Spirit friends, may with more propriety attribute to the same source the diabolical massacre, and other crimes, ascribed to inspiration from Jehovah.

QUOTATIONS, BEARING ON THE MORALITY AND AUTHENTICITY OF THE PENTATEUCH.

"F. J. B." having unsuccessfully appealed to one distinguished Unitarian clergyman, the celebrated Channing, in order to abrogate the force of my objections to the Pentateuch, I beg to refer, successfully as I hope, to the opinions of another eminent clergyman, of the same persuasion, in support of my views. The Rev. Mr. Norton\* concurs with me in denouncing the afflictions of the Egyptians, on account of the conduct of their king, induced by hardness of heart resulting from the Divine Author of the inflictions, in denouncing the extirpation of the Canaanites, the massacre of the Midianites, keeping for them the virgins under that matrimonial violation, and subsequent repudiation as humbled vagabonds, on which I have commented.

This author sanctions my strictures in quoting these words: "Of the cities of these people thou shalt save nothing that breathes."

This Reverend author remarks, to use his own words, that "The destruction of the Canaanites is to be regarded not merely as the act of God, if ordered by him, but as the act of those who were the appointed instruments of His will, the chosen people, the sole repositories of true religion and morals. It is said that the object of their being appointed the executioners of the decree, was to impress them with the deepest horror of the idolatry and vices of the Canaanites. It is difficult to believe that any one can give this answer without a strong suspicion of its unsoundness. The effect of their appointment as executioners, must have been to convert them into a horde of ferocious and brutal barbarians. It can not be imagined that they would have any feelings, connected with the performance of a moral or religious duty, in the massacre of enemies, between whom and themselves there existed the utmost hatred that could be produced by a war of extermination—a war which must have seemed to the Canaanites wholly unprovoked and unjustifiable. There is no good moral discipline in the butchery of women and infants. It is not thus that men are to be formed to the service of God. The origin of the supposed direction, on which we have been remarking, is to be found in the traditional enmity of the Jews to the Canaanites, and in the ferocity of ancient warfare. The Jews, sharing in the barbarism of the world, reflected back their own character upon Moses and upon God."

Paine having alleged that the Midianitish virgins "were consigned to debauchery by the order of Moses." Bishop Watson, in reply, says: "*Prove this, and I will allow that the Bible is what you call it—a book of lies, wickedness and blasphemy.*" The promised concession is equally liberal and injudicious. As a matter of fair statement, the word "*debauchery*" is objectionable, from its association with modern manners and sentiments. But if we receive the Pentateuch as authentic, the difference between the actual lot of the Midianitish virgins and what it is represented to have been by the use of that word, is very narrow and unsafe ground on which to peril the whole credibility of revealed religion.

It may be said in defense of the Jews, that their conduct toward the Midianites was not more barbarous than that of other ancient nations in their war with each other. This defense might be admitted, if the massacre, according to the account, *had not been perpetrated by the express order of Moses, in opposition to the more humane purpose of the army and its leaders.* As the case now stands, this apology implies the proposition that Moses was commissioned by God to sanction and perpetrate the barbarism of his age.

Alluding to the reservation of Midianitish virgins, "*kept for themselves*," agreeably to the words of Moses, the Rev. Mr. Norton remarks:

"If we receive the Pentateuch as authentic, the lot of the female children who were permitted, certainly not in mercy, to survive the butchery of their mothers and of every male among the little ones—the lot, I say, of these female captives may be judged of by the manners of the times—by the habits which the perpetration of such acts must have produced in the Israelites by the law respecting female slaves, given in Deuteronomy, and by the little probability that even the conditions of this law would be respected."

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE USE OF REASON IN READING SCRIPTURE.

My excellent friend, the distinguished Dr. Channing above alluded to, while mortal, having in my presence expressed the opinion that we should read the Gospel under the guidance of

reason, I inquired whether, using reason as a guide, he viewed the man\* who vociferated against Christ as actually possessed by devils or afflicted by insanity? He replied that he considered him as insane. Then, said I, in order to cure one man of insanity, why was it necessary to madden and drown a herd of swine? Of course, had the swine been possessed of devils, it were difficult to conceive how there could be enough devils in one man to supply each hog with a devil; or, if there was but one devil, that he could have been divided into minute pieces to affect the whole herd. Lastly, as the devils were immortal, it is inconceivable why their going into the swine could answer any purpose excepting that of depriving the owner of his pork, and the animals of their lives—the devils going off exulting at the mischief which they had induced as the condition of their exchanging the man for the swine.

Neither the learning nor the ingenuity of Channing, nor that of any other to whom I have appealed, has been competent to give a rational defense of this miracle, as absurd as incredible.

But immaculate as was Channing in his intentions, he did not, while in this sphere, entirely escape the influence of a bigoted education; and he admitted in private that he felt it difficult to divest himself of devotional feelings towards the Gospel, even when reason would indicate the propriety of so doing.

Since he entered on his immortal career, I have consulted him repeatedly. The very question of the reference to the lily and the fowls of the air, in the Sermon on the Mount, which has been debated between "F. J. B." and myself, being submitted to him, I inquired if it were wise? After some consideration the index of the Spiritoscope revolved to the word "No."

In like manner I submitted the question, whether there was any evidence of the existence of the Pentateuch anterior to the alleged discovery by Hilkiah? A reply in the negative resulted.

In support of this abnegation it may be well here to add, that it has been inferred that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch, since it gives an account of his death.

It is also urged by Norton, supported by the quoted opinion of Gesenius, whom Norton mentions as the most distinguished Hebrew author of our day, that—

"It is a fact that the language of the Pentateuch fully corresponds with that of the other ancient historical books, and, in the poetical portions, with that of the other poetry of the first age." (Gesenius considers the first age of the Hebrew language as extending to the time when it was corrupted by the influence of the Chaldean, in consequence of the captivity.) "If there was an interval of nearly a thousand years between these writings—as there must have been on the supposition that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch—a phenomenon would be presented to which there is nothing parallel in the whole history of language, namely: that the living language of a people and the circle of their ideas should remain so unaltered for such a length of time."

\* According to Mark and Luke there was only one man; according to Matthew, two.

#### SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

BALTIMORE CIRCLE, January 3, 1856.

THE dial announced the presence of Sir Humphrey Davy:

Once again, my friends, we meet to breathe together in sweet communion. Oh, the more than happiness I enjoy in thus imparting pure thoughts to my earth-friends! I feel that I am blest in thus finding a circle of intelligent and truth-seeking minds. How glorious are the spheres of Heaven! You, my friends, have a bright sphere also to abide in during your brief preparation for the world divine; but you are not sensible of its glories and beauties; of the intelligence surrounding you and of your great blessings. You live in a sphere which the poor, sin-stricken creatures of hell would be more than happy to dwell in. You have every description of scenery—hill and dale, valley and mountain. Your scenery is often sublime; your advantages are numberless. You have so much left to discover. God, in His wisdom, knew that it was best that you should have something to search out—some knowledge to acquire. Oh, why will you not acquire more knowledge while on earth, that you may have the less to learn in Heaven!

Behold a stream of sparkling waters, each spray shining as if with all the jewels of heaven-mines! It falls, it quivers, dashes over rock and pebble. Now it seems a puny stream. Who will regard this little flow of water, when beyond roar oceans? Let us observe and see whereunto it leads us. Sweetly and gently it flows onward, seemingly calm as a summer's sky before the bursting of the fiery clouds shall rend the air! Follow on a little further, and then behold its change. The little stream, disregarded by the careless eye, has become the mighty river—dash-

\* See Preface, page 14, and paragraph 548 to 619.

† See Preface, page 14, also 113. ‡ See Norton, Vol. 2, chap. 5.

\* See Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels, by Andrew Norton, published by G. Owen, Cambridge, 1844.



ing, with swiftest flow, o'er rocks of granite firmness, and irrigating the lands of the thrifty husbandman, it has become the great waterer of the earth. Onward still, a little further. Behold it now! There is no longer the streamlet or the river; but after forming magnificent cascades of glowing beauty, and wildly roaring, like the mighty Niagara, it falls, it leaps, but is not ended—it is increased to the mighty ocean, stretching far to right and left. The little streamlet! the noble river! the mighty ocean! the childhood, youth and manhood of a mighty mind! Stretch forth; seek not to avoid the rocks; every rock over which you triumph gives greater victory to your onward flow. The mighty cataract, the last triumphant glory, the final victory, will lead you to the mighty ocean of divine happiness, where rocks shall never more impede your onward progress, and where all will be calm and happy to eternity.

I once beheld a maiden, beautiful as the sky just breaking through the angry thunder clouds. She wandered onward, seeking the truth, yet scarcely hoping to find it. A dreary forest encircled her on every side. The dark, towering pines scarcely permitted a ray of Heaven's truth to lighten her path. She was all alone—when suddenly there appeared before her a little child. It had lost its way. "Sweet babe of innocence," she sweetly said, "come with me, and if permitted I will seek thy home, and leave thee not till I see thee safely housed." She scarce had spoken ere she beheld a sparkling ray of light entering and resting upon that beaten path. She followed on, guided by the ray; felt oft a longing to pursue her course without the child, but persevered, ever resisting these temptations. At last she found the little one's home; there gently left it, and turned to follow out her own destiny, still hoping to be guided by that one bright ray. She turned, when lo! a thousand sparkling lights were there to illumine her dreary path. Onward she went—each day, each hour striving to aid some lost one less favored than herself. For each good deed thus done, another ray was added, another light did shine upon her path; and when by her good works her lights were seen, she looked and there beheld a vision, rare and beautiful!

A streamlet of sparkling colors was before her; beyond it was a land all glistening and glowing in sunlight. Temples of gorgeous magnificence arose before her view; she listened and heard sounds of such seraphic sweetness that she scarcely dared to breathe. Looking still deeper, now she saw, bright and clear, a band of Angel Spirits holding in their hands seraph harps bound round with lily-wreaths of Faith, and Love and Purity. On these they played their love-toned melodies, calling in accents of love to their blessed sister to cross the stream of Eternity and dwell with them for evermore. Eagerly she reached toward them, but could not see the means of crossing that bright stream; when, looking round, she saw beside her the child of innocence, to whom she had done the first good deed. "Sister mine," it gently said, "I was alone and thou didst guide me; friendless, and thou lovedst me: let mine be the sweet task to guide thee o'er this stream. I was the first whom thou didst aid; therefore will I guide thee now." Thus speaking, the stream divided; and a path strewn with flowers did open, through which they safely passed, and happily reached the seraph band who awaited that loved one on that brilliant shore. In like manner, my good friends, each good deed that you shall do on earth, shall be a ray of Heaven-light, guiding you to the blissful shores of immortality!

(The dial then gave the name of Thomas Hood.)

#### THE SIN-SOUL SAVED.

The Angel of Light was shining  
And glowing above,  
Hoping, fearing and striving,  
To labor with love  
On the world below;

Daring at last to enter,  
The sphere of sin,  
His light he then did center,  
Hoping to win  
A soul from woe.

For a time in vain he sought  
His path to guide;  
His path with gloom was fraught  
Both far and wide,  
And hope was gone—

Praying on high to be aided  
In this work of love,  
Hoping the spirit so wearied  
To guide above  
From Hades' Zone.

Love aided him with ardor  
Onward to go;  
His path became much broader,  
'Twas freed from woe:  
He clean was made.

On either side supported  
By Love and Light,  
He upward is conducted  
By Spirits bright,  
Who God obeyed.

And now in realms of blissful day  
They dwell for evermore,  
With Love and Truth to light his way  
As ever on he'll soar.

February 17.

(The name of Sir Humphrey Davy was given.)

Dear friends: I wish to give you a description of some of the planets. I will not enter upon the distances of them from you and the sun, but will tell you of their characteristics.

MARS is a beautiful country, but not more so than Earth. It is smaller than the earth, and is inhabited by a race of people differing from us materially in their minds. They are very intelligent, and take much pleasure in the Fine Arts. They have Arts and Sciences there which you do not dream of. They are industrious, and think it sinful to be idle. They hold communion with the Spirit-world and are altogether more refined, industrious and pious than Earth's inhabitants.

JUPITER is a vast planet. Hill and valley, mountains and oceans, are all there in much greater extent than on earth. The inhabitants are larger in size than you. They are a good people; not so learned and devoted to literature as you and the inhabitants of Mars; yet their characters are stable, reliable; and they devote themselves more to an agricultural life than the cultivation of the Fine Arts.

SATURN, is superior to them all in the character of its inhabitants. You would not, in your present state, be fitted to converse with them; they speak in language too scientific for you to comprehend. Many of their sciences man will never discover. They are constantly investigating. Your planet is well known to them, and they are in frequent communication with the Spirit-world. It is a land of perfect harmony. No discord, war, strife, or misery is to be found there. They seem to live for one another, seeking how much good they can do. Their entrance here is a mere transition. They never go to the lower spheres, except perhaps to visit them, but proceed immediately to the seventh sphere, and some of them even to the supernal heavens. I have visited these different planets, my friends, and wondered when I saw their glory, how man could for a moment doubt their being inhabited, and imagine that God would place all upon this little world wherein we dwell. What arrogance to think, that man on earth, a poor, groveling insect, should be placed above all the worlds which he knows surround him! What must be the size of these planets? and would God have made such vast expanses without an object?—leave territories so immense without inhabitants? No—greatly superior are many of them to the Earth; and let not man take to himself all the glory which God bestows on his creatures."

Ques. How do you visit these planets?

Ans. "I will to go there, and I am there. We know not space in this world. We move from earth to earth, from sphere to sphere with as much ease as the butterfly moves from flower to flower. No Spirit can visit these planets before they have reached the sixth sphere, and are almost prepared to enter the seventh."

Q. What is the average of life there?

A. "Longer than on Earth. Saturn's inhabitants live to be sometimes nearly two hundred years old; but they do not feel life to be a burden as man often does. They are in constant communication with their Spirit friends, and do not feel their loss so keenly; though, like you on Earth, they are rarely permitted to see them. They have their trials, that they may enjoy their blessings; but they receive them as the will of God, and know that they are for their good; therefore they murmur not."

Q. What is the state of religion? are they divided into sects?

"No—most assuredly not. They are one in spirit, one in heart, one in soul, one in thought, one in all and everything. Sect! they know not the word. Doctrines! they have them not, except to believe in God, to worship Him, to do His holy will. They have different churches, to be sure, because one building could not contain them all; but in these churches the same rites are performed: the discourse may differ in language, yet the tenets are the same."

September 19, 1856.

(Sir Humphrey Davy's name was given.)

My dear friends: I will tell you this evening about the Sun. Many suppose the Sun uninhabited; but we know that it is inhabited, and by a race far higher in every respect than yours. In their figures they are similar to you, with the exception that their forms are all perfect, and all are nobly made. They are intelligent. Your Earth is as familiar to them as their own. They are merely placed there preparatory to the supernal abodes. Their planet is indeed one ball of light, for the inner light is far more dazzling than that which meets your eye. It is a solid body, shaped like the Earth, but enjoying a perpetual spring. There is no sphere in the Spirit-world so beautiful as the Sun, excepting the sixth and seventh. They have merely a change of state which comes to them when they are fitted to reside in the supernal heavens. They never suffer from death, nor do they call it death. They are in constant communion with the Spirit-world. They differ from them in not having that knowledge of things which those in the Spirit-world possess. No bodily ill ever afflicts them; and had you no sin, you would never suffer from disease. They are not allowed to go to the spheres at first, lest sin from them might enter their hearts.

Some of the high spheres have beings in them who have been sinners in a greater or less degree; and it will be many, many years, if indeed they ever reach the supernal abodes. No one who has ever entered the second sphere as an inhabitant of it, has ever yet reached the highest state; no, not since you have records of the Earth's history. Those who dwell in the second sphere would esteem themselves blessed, aye more than blessed, to be permitted to dwell even in the fourth sphere; for that sphere is far brighter than your Earth. But the sixth sphere is where all perfect themselves, if I may use the expression, in knowledge of all kinds; and the seventh is a state far superior to it, where love and wisdom can not be separated. From this sphere angels are appointed to their different offices, and those who dwell in this sphere are regarded as directors by the others. God is the head, but He gives power to His children when He sees they can use it wisely.

I can not speak of the supernal heavens; they are too holy for me to speak of. I have never of course been there, and it will be long ere I reached that state; so my friends, do not ask me for information which I can not give.

Children are fit for any state, however pure; but children are given to the angels of the other spheres to educate and bring up; for you would not like to see the lower spheres entirely without them—that is, the fourth, fifth and sixth."

Q. In what sphere is Swedenborg?

A. "In the seventh."

Q. What is your opinion of him?

A. "A noble mind, inspired from the Almighty Father, to open the pathway for this new Dispensation."

Here a wish was expressed that he would tell us something about the Moon, and I spoke of a late article in the papers respecting Lord Ross and his telescope, by which it was alleged he could see objects no larger than a church; that it was entirely sterile, no water there, and consequently uninhabited. No answer was expected to this: it was merely a casual remark in the course of conversation. But immediately the dial moved:

"He is wrong, entirely wrong; he has never seen the interior of the Moon. It is inhabited. What! did God make a planet of such size as that and place no living being on it! Believe it! who can believe it? They are a small race of people, smaller in stature than you are. Their buildings are beautiful in many parts, but Lord Ross could not see them. Sin, however, has entered into that world, and its inhabitants have to work their way upward when they leave that sphere much as you do; only there are none among them so debased as many on Earth."

As for water, they have pure crystal streams, fresh and beautiful. Tell me, I pray, how could Lord Ross discover that? Who can say that the Moon is constructed like the Earth? I assert that it is not, but it is equally wonderful in every respect; I assert also that it is inhabited; that food and water are provided in abundance to those who dwell there; and that its inhabitants come to Heaven after death."

After this there was some desultory conversation; at length, I asked Sir Humphrey if he knew who was the author of Junius' letters.

"Dear friends, I do know—they were written by a man in humble life, who was never known to the world: James Hamilton. He lived in London. He thought he could earn a reputation by them which would give him an independence; but he was cut off early."





## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

On my reaching Fond du Lac, our noble friend, Hon. N. P. TALLMADGE, anticipating my arrival, was at the dépôt with his vehicle to convey me to his "Forest Home," which is situated some four miles from the city. It was a little past nine o'clock in the evening when I found myself comfortably seated by a pleasant fireside in one of the most attractive and beautiful homes in all the West. The dwelling is a Gothic cottage, standing about one hundred yards from the road. It is surrounded by a large Park, the greater portion of which is covered by native groves, chiefly of oak and hickory. The farm is doubtless the best in Wisconsin. Every natural advantage surrounds this delightful abode, while peace and a truly generous hospitality reign within.

Having traveled some fourteen hundred miles and delivered twenty-two lectures in twenty-four consecutive days, the writer is slightly wearied, and proposes a little relaxation from labor. Circumstances having temporarily interrupted the Editorial Correspondence, commenced in the TELEGRAPH of the 8th instant, the undersigned is permitted to enclose, in the place of his third number, the following interesting letter from Governor Tallmadge.

S. B. B.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., November 13, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I gave you an account some time since of certain manifestations from Mr. Macy, after his loss by the burning of the steamer Niagara. It was told through a medium here, that he was drowned by the upsetting of the small boat, before that fact was known to the public, and before even the rumor of the manner of his death had reached this place. Soon after this, it was said through another medium that he was *stunned* by the upsetting of the small-boat so that he could not swim. On subsequent investigation it was ascertained that on Mr. Macy's jumping into the small-boat, it was instantly upset, and he sank to rise no more. On this evidence, one of the oldest steamboat captains gave it as his opinion that he was struck by the side of the boat as it was upset, and *stunned* so that he could not swim. He was a good swimmer, and his sudden sinking can only be accounted for in this way. This explanation purported to come from him through the medium *before* the manner of his death was known here; and the captain knew nothing of what had been said through the medium.

Whilst Miss Jay, the celebrated speaking and singing medium, was at my house, she was entranced and gave the most minute and accurate description of Mr. Macy, whom she had never seen; and also gave his phrenological developments and peculiar characteristics as minutely as his most intimate friends could have done. She then said, I see a sentence in bright letters, which she read as follows, "*I promised to return, if I went first.*" I asked her what it meant? She said she did not know; that she saw the sentence, but could not tell the meaning. Now the truth is, that whilst Mr. Macy and myself and another friend were together in New York last spring, conversing on Spiritualism, Mr. Macy proposed that whichever went first should return and manifest himself to the others. The above sentence, read by Miss Jay, in the trance state, seems to have been a fulfillment of that promise.

Recently another medium, in a clairvoyant state, described Mr. Macy, among other things, as holding in his hand a paper on which was written, "*Life-policy—expired.*" I was inquired of afterward to know what could be the meaning of this manifestation? I knew he had had a life-policy for many years, but was surprised to learn, on inquiring of his family, that it had expired; all of which the medium and those present knew nothing about.

Miss Jay arrived at my house on the first of November. In the course of conversation in the evening, she remarked that she had been under influence more or less during the day, while she was riding in the cars; that at one time Webster presented

himself to her as distinctly as he could in life, and showed her the United States Senate Chamber draped in mourning. She said she could not tell what it meant, but that she often saw things thus foreshadowed in advance, which afterward proved true. Two or three days after this I saw mentioned in the *National Intelligencer* the sickness of the Hon. JOHN M. CLAYTON, Senator from Delaware; and on the ninth instant, one week after Miss Jay's vision, the telegraph announced Mr. Clayton's death! May not his death, which will, of course, put the United States Senate in mourning, be the explanation of this vision?

I shall not attempt, at this time, to discuss the philosophy of thus foreshadowing future events. There are innumerable cases of the kind well authenticated. They are oftentimes foreshadowed in dreams. A gentleman from Pennsylvania once related to me this fact: He had engaged his passage for Europe on board the packet ship Albion, which was to sail from New York in a short time. A few days previous to the time fixed for her departure there was presented to him in a dream, in the most vivid manner, a shipwreck, which made such an impression on his mind that he at first concluded not to embark on board the packet in which he had thus engaged his passage. But on reflection, being unwilling to assign to his friends this dream as the reason for abandoning the voyage, he went to New York at the appointed time, and embarked accordingly. On the coast of Ireland the Albion was wrecked, and presented the scene in all its terrific grandeur, precisely as it had previously been presented in his dream; and he was the only one of all the cabin passengers that was saved!

Whilst on this subject I will relate another appalling disaster foreshadowed in a dream: A distinguished Member of Congress a few years ago dreamed that the steamboat *Henry Clay*, on the Hudson River, took fire; was run ashore, and some hundred lives lost by burning or drowning. He wrote out this whole dream the next day, in a letter to his wife, to show that dreams were great humbugs, inasmuch as no such disaster had happened, and that there was not, to his knowledge, any steamboat on the Hudson River by the name of *Henry Clay*. This letter he showed to two or three friends before he sent it to his wife, and they had a hearty laugh over the humbug. Some three weeks after this, the steamboat *Henry Clay*, on the Hudson River, was burned and run ashore, and the number of lives lost just as he had dreamed it; and his friends, on hearing the news, reminded him of his letter to his wife, precisely foreshadowing the event as it afterward happened!

In connection with the above I will relate a curious incident: I called with a gentleman at Mr. Conklin's rooms, in New York, and received a communication purporting to come from Stephen Allen, former Mayor of New York, and associated with me formerly in the Senate of New York. The gentleman with me asked many questions, and amongst others inquired the manner of his death. He answered "No" to every mode suggested. "Well," said the gentleman, "I know of no mode of dying other than what I have inquired about." It was then rapped out, "I left the earth between two elements." This the gentleman could not comprehend, till I told him that Mr. Allen was on board the steamboat *Henry Clay*, and was driven by the fire into the water and drowned.

If you deem the above facts of any interest to your readers, they are at your service. And as I have no hesitation in putting my name to any facts or statements I know or believe to be true, I subscribe myself, Very truly yours, N. P. TALLMADGE.

### MARTIN LUTHER'S SPIRITUALISM.

As a distinctive feature in their doctrines, Luther and other reformers rejected the idea of purgatory, or a state intermediate between the earthly and the heavenly. Maintaining that human spirits, on being separated from the body, went immediately either to heaven or to hell, there was so far a *theological or intellectual tendency* in his mind, as there has been in the whole subsequent Protestant Church, to discredit the idea that they will ever again approach the earthly state, or revisit those who are still in the flesh. Still Luther, as was also the case with many other anti-Catholics after him, firmly believed in interpositions from the other world, but generally supposed that these, according to their character, were referable either to God and his angels, or to the devil and his emissaries. Hence Luther speaks familiarly of the visitations which he was frequently conscious of receiving from a spiritual being whom he calls the *devil*. On one occasion, while Luther

was confined in prison for his opposition to the Pope, this ultra-mundane personage obtruded himself into his presence, when in his rage he flung his inkstand at him, the mark of which upon the prison wall, we believe, is shown to this day. Luther says that this personage frequently visited him, and caused him "many bitter nights and much restless and wearisome repose." It appears from his account that the devil had frequent debates with him on theological subjects, displaying great subtlety and acuteness. "The devil," says he, "knows well how to construct his arguments, and to urge them with the skill of a master. He delivers himself with a grave and yet a shrill voice. Nor does he use circumlocutions, and beat about the bush, but excels in forcible statements and quick rejoinders. I no longer wonder," he adds, "that the persons whom he assails in this way are sometimes found dead in their beds. He is able to compress and throttle, and more than once he has so assaulted me and driven my soul into a corner, that I felt as if the next moment it must leave my body."

This account by Luther of his experiences is doubtless given with all honesty, though there is room for a little mistake on his part as to the nature of the personage who gave him this annoyance. Judging from the analogy of other and *unmistakable* cases, it was probably not the prince of an infernal world, as he supposed, but a human Spirit of a low and depraved character, who for some reason had a special desire to obstruct Luther in his career, or to infuse his own thoughts into his mind. However this may have been, the facts referred to sufficiently prove the founder of Protestantism to have been a *Spiritualist*.

F.

### A MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.

SEVERAL of the morning papers of this city, on Monday last, contained, under the head of "*Suicide of a Spiritualist*," an account of a melancholy case of self-destruction committed by Mr. John B. Fairbank, by precipitating himself from a fifth story window, at No. 658 Sixth Avenue, this city, on Saturday morning of last week. As the case is undoubtedly destined to go the rounds of the secular and religious journals that are opposed to Spiritualism, and to be extensively used in enflaming prejudice against every idea of an existing open communication with the spiritual world, it seems to require a brief and candid notice at our hands.

It is undoubtedly true that for about *two weeks* previous to his death, Mr. Fairbank was professedly a full believer in spiritual manifestations, and supposed he was personally in communication with the other world. It is also undoubtedly true that his act of self-destruction was committed under an aberration of mind while possessed with a belief in Spiritualism; and we are willing to admit it as probable that his immature conceptions of Spiritualism, and his novel, exciting, and perhaps ill-directed and ill-governed experiences in what he supposed to be its *realities*, constituted the main ostensible influence which determined him to commit the rash act. But whether Spiritualism as such, and when properly understood, is or is not responsible for the sad affair, can only be properly determined in the light of some ulterior considerations, among which are the following:

The writer of this was personally, though not intimately, acquainted with Mr. Fairbank for some six months previous to his avowing himself a Spiritualist. We knew him as skeptical and materialistic in his views concerning religion and an hereafter state, and we learn from others that until recently he openly avowed atheistic doctrines. We knew him as possessing a seemingly quiet, unobtrusive disposition, and an active, well-informed mind; and from physiognomic and other distinct signs we should have naturally judged him to be liable to bewilderment and abstraction when under deep mental excitement. He was an unmarried man, about thirty-five years of age, and we are credibly informed that he was unhappily disappointed in a love affair some two years ago—a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married on a certain day, having actually married another man on the same day. In addition to the deep influence which this disappointment must have had on his sensitive mind, he was unsuccessful, as we are informed, in his connection with several inventions during the past few months; and during a portion of this time was absorbed in intense speculations concerning the construction of a universal language. He had also, not long since, lost a beloved sister, with whose spirit he very naturally had an intense desire to communicate provided he could find the claims of Spiritualism true. With his naturally sensitive mind harrowed



up, rendered still more sensitive, and thrown out of balance by these exciting, depressing and conflicting influences, it is really no very great marvel that those first and ill-understood gleams from the immortal world which suddenly forced his mind from an opposite extreme of atheism and materialism, to the recognition of a present and intercommunicating spiritual world, should have completed the work of mental derangement already commenced, and led him to the commission of an act of which we can now speak only with unfeigned sorrow. But had he, while in a state of mental health, come regularly and normally into the belief of *Spiritualism as it is*, we have no hesitation in saying that the sad act by which he ended his mortal career, would have been morally impossible.

As there will be those, however, who will insist upon laying the full responsibility of this affair upon Spiritualism, we can only remind them that the rule by which Spiritualism would be condemned on this ground, would far more emphatically condemn each and every one of the sectarian religions of the land, as each one of these has given occasion to ten times as many cases of insanity and suicide, as ever have resulted from modern Spiritualism, from its origin to the present moment.

We will say, in conclusion, that we regarded Mr. Fairbank as a naturally amiable, intelligent and useful man, and his untimely end will be deeply deplored by the circle of his relatives and friends.

#### Children Spirit Seers.

In the innocence of childhood the human soul is bound to heaven with ties much more pure and intimate than is the soul after a long experience in the contaminating contacts of the world. And it is presumed that open vision of spiritual things occurs in childhood much more frequently than has been evinced by external signs or expressions. We are led to make this remark by an incident that occurred in the writer's family a few mornings since. "O ma!" said our little daughter six years old, "I saw such a beautiful man last night when I was lying in bed with my eyes closed. He was prettier than father," (which, if we are allowed to tell the story, was saying a great deal,) "he had such a splendid face, and such beautiful, magnificent curls that came down on his shoulders! and O, wasn't he pretty though! He was standing right up on my bed, and was looking that way. I do believe it was an angel. O don't we see splendid things when we have our closed!" "How was he dressed, Ella? had he a black coat on?" "No; he was dressed all over in white, and was such a beautiful man! I wonder if it wasn't the Lord?"

The child had frequently spoken before of seeing similar visions with her eyes closed.

#### My Promised Reply to Bro. Partridge.

SPEAKING my honest convictions, and without consciousness of transcending any prerogative which had been conferred upon me by my employers, I published, *over my own signature, and upon my own exclusive responsibility*, an article in the editorial columns of the TELEGRAPH of November 1st, entitled "TRUE SPIRITUALISM AND SORCERY." Of this article Mr. Partridge published a review in the TELEGRAPH of November 22d. This review seeming to me in some respects of a very extraordinary character, immediately after reading the proof of it, and just as the paper was going to press, I hastily wrote and, with Mr. P.'s permission inserted, a brief note promising to review it at my earliest convenience. I have now to say that upon more mature deliberation I have concluded, with all due respect to my antagonist, to let my article stand as its own defense, and would simply request the readers of the TELEGRAPH to re-peruse it, side by side, with Mr. P.'s review, and then judge candidly between the two.

WILLIAM FISHBROUGH.

#### BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

ALVIRA L., wife of GEORGE PARTRIDGE, Esq., St. Louis, Mo., left the earthly tabernacle for her immortal home, Sunday morning, November 16, at six o'clock. She had, during the past year or more, been at times troubled for breath. Immediately previous to her decease, however, she was quite as well as usual, and especially the day and evening preceding her death. The warning and struggle were momentary, and only sufficient for her to rise on her elbow in bed, when the Spirit's connection with mortality was suddenly broken. Mrs. Partridge was a devoted wife and mother, and a Christian of the Unitarian faith. She was earnestly engaged in Christian, charitable and educational enterprises, which, with her friends, will feel her loss, while the surviving husband and daughters can only be reconciled through that faith with which her zeal had done so much to inspire them. God grant they may be comforted through an unbroken intercourse with her immortal Spirit.

C. P.

#### SPIRITS IN CALIFORNIA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *True Californian* gives an interesting account of manifestations which occurred at a circle at which the writer was present, on the 19th of September last. After the table had been suspended and swung to and fro in the air, and various other articles of furniture, had been moved by the invisible powers, with loud rattlings, thummings on a guitar, etc., some still more startling occurrences took place, which are described as follows:

Anxious to ascertain the true name of the Spirit present, we asked the question, and the name given through the alphabet was "Capitana." This was the name of an old Kanaka woman, who died several years ago in the Islands, and was known to one of the ladies present, in life. Having ascertained her name, Mr. J. P. demanded if she would not appear to us? An affirmative reply was immediately given, and she promised to give the signal by ringing the bell. This occurred almost contemporaneously with the promise. At the same moment, a large bush, growing near the east window, was most turbulently shaken, and on casting our eyes out of the window, we beheld a human figure gliding noiselessly by, toward the kitchen. But we had no sooner fixed our wondering gaze upon it, than it as suddenly disappeared. The moon was shining very brightly at the time, and the figure was within ten feet of the circle. \* \* \* I arose from the table and stepped toward the window, but it was gone. Almost simultaneously with its disappearance, another form rose up from the ground, and sat upon the bench in front of the kitchen door. This terrible apparition was the most frightful figure that ever human eye beheld. Language is utterly inadequate to describe it. There it reclined in the clear moonlight, silent, still, and sublime in its horrible deformity. \* \* \* If all the fiends in hell had combined their features into one master-piece of ugliness and revolting hideousness of countenance, they could not have produced a face so full of horrors. It was blacker than the blackest midnight that ever frowned in starless gloom over the storm-swept ocean. Over its head and body it had spread a mantle of the most stainless white.

It looked like a robe of new-fallen snow covering the blackened remains of a conflagration. It seemed as though personified Sin had snatched the garment of a seraph, as he floated by, and spread it over its own thunder-scarred and hell-scorched form.

We all sprang towards the window, and gazed in petrified astonishment and horror at the loathsome goblin—for surely there was but little of human in it, except the form. My first impulse was to get out of the house into the open air. I rushed through the door, followed by the rest of the company, except Mr. B., who still maintained his position at the window, and scanned the phantom with close and critical scrutiny. As we left the room, a new manifestation occurred. Chairs, tables, rugs, pokers, and cushions seemed to be imbued with vitality, and danced before us in the most admired disorder. As I passed out, a cushion was thrown from the parlor, in which a light was burning, and struck me on the head. At the same moment, one of the ladies was struck with a chair-covering, and almost blinded with the dust. I stepped into the parlor, but it was utterly vacant. I then went to the front door, and attempted to open it; but, much to the astonishment of us all, the front gate had been torn loose, and brought some ten or twelve steps, and placed so as to barricade the door and prevent it from swinging open. Unable to get out in this direction, I followed Mr. J. P. and the ladies, who rushed through the back entry, and attempted to intercept the apparition at the kitchen door. But when we reached the door and opened it, the goblin was invisible. It had disappeared as suddenly as it appeared. Mr. B., during this time, maintained his position at the window, and within eight feet of it, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon it. The last time I beheld it, it stood in a listening attitude, apparently preparing to enter the kitchen door, or to fly, as the case might demand. After we passed in the hall, Mr. B. beheld it lift its robe lightly from the ground and start off toward the barn. When it had proceeded a few yards, it suddenly became invisible. Not the least wonderful part of this occurrence was the fact that the mother of Mrs. J. P. and one or two of Mrs. X.'s younger children, plainly saw the apparition from the second story window, and watched it until it was suddenly lost to view.

After the disappearance of this picture of ugliness, and the parties had recovered from their fright and horror, they re-seated themselves in the circle, and at their request, were favored with the visitations of more genial Spirits, who caused their hands to be visible and tangible, and at the close of the circle, left a soothed and elevated impression upon the minds of all present.

#### A Spirit-Bird.

ON one evening last week, as a circle was in session at the house of Mr. D. G. Taylor, in Sixteenth street, this city, there were heard distinctly the chirpings of a bird in the air in different parts of the room. These sounds were heard by all, and were freely spoken of and described by several. Afterward a medium was entranced, and a Spirit, purporting to be the son of Mr. Taylor, said that it was he who had produced the sounds. There was no bird in the room at the time, or even in the house.

The editorial correspondence inserted this week, was intended for our issue two weeks ago, but did not arrive in time, and was crowded out of our last.

#### FREE SPIRITUAL PLATFORMS.

(Continuation of remarks crowded out of last week's issue.)

THE usual modes of conducting promiscuous gatherings, preserving order and pertinency of remarks, is by a chairman or creed. Creed platforms do well enough for dry metaphysical disquisitions or speculations about imaginary things, or for lucid discourses about the history of things; but they are too narrow for the living inspirations of modern Spiritualism. It requires a free platform, and its burning eloquence is sufficient to secure order and attention. For the time being the wanderer is directed into the channel of its thought, and spell-bound by its freshness and cogency. Accordingly, nearly all the platforms around which modern Spiritualists gather, are free.

Dodworth's Academy, in this city, is hired on Sundays by Spiritualists, for the purpose and convenience of all persons who choose to go there to listen and to participate in a free and friendly interchange of experience in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism and their seeming significance, or for the statement of such facts as seem to show spiritual manifestations to be illusions, or to account for them otherwise than by Spirits. Thus it will be seen, that everybody is free within the scope of the object and purposes of the meeting, or the legitimate significance of the words *modern Spiritualism*.

By agreement of the contributors to the rent of the Academy, speakers who are supposed to entertain somewhat different views, are invited, mornings and evenings, to discourse on modern Spiritualism. These privileges are designed to give opportunity to those having a large experience, and having given much thought to the subject, to present their facts and conclusions more fully and consecutively than would be consistent in a Conference. The persons thus invited are free to speak on the subject as their experience and judgment commends, and to conduct the exercises in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences. A little more latitude has sometimes been taken by speakers than the idea of a Spiritualists' meeting seems to warrant; and it is to be regretted that strangers sometimes think they must be in the wrong place, and are prompted to inquire whether it is a meeting of modern Spiritualists!

The three o'clock meetings are strictly for Conference—not for debate in the popular sense; that is, they have learned that it is generally safe to rely on the good sense of their auditors to discriminate between philosophy and sophistry; hence they seldom think it necessary to reply to those who may differ from them. Instead of a Moderator or Chairman being placed on the platform, they have found it quite as efficacious to place there a black-board upon which is written the objects of the meeting. The board is no respecter of persons; it never swerves, and from it there is no appeal. With this latitudinarian, sectarian and social hobby-mongers, etc., are dissatisfied, and often experience the writhings consequent on transgression. To save this, attempts have been made to establish other places where their supernatural wisdom would be respected. (No reference is here made to any recent movement.) This they had a right to do, and the friends of order and free platforms offered to pay the rent of their hall if they would stay there; but the cheerless echo of the hollow walls drove them out, and they are with us again, jumping at every opportunity to diarge crystalline forms of moral purity, social hobbies, sectarian cant, and theological devils, on free platforms; and all in repudiation of modern Spiritualism and the right to talk about it.

But, says one, have not we a right to do it? Of course we have; it's a free country and a free platform—paid for. Next Sunday roll in a barrel of lager-beer—sell it out! It's a pity such a nice hall and free platform should not be turned to private account! Of course it is free for a man to do and say what he pleases! These Spirits you talk about are only the spirits of fleshly ignorammuses; they never indowed our wisdom, which came straight from God, nor commended our social hobbies. Of course they don't know anything! Such seems to be the conceptions of a tribe of conceited bigots, egotists, moral puritists, socialists, etc., some of whom pretend to have heard raps, but can not tell where or who the medium was; yet they claim to be Spiritualists, for the purpose, evidently, of being heard, and of turning the power of Spiritualism to private account. This affords one of the sublimest tests of the efficacy of modern Spiritualism—to see an intelligent audience quietly sit and listen to such out-of-place twaddle; and after it is through, an old patriarch rises and states some spiritual experience, and as calmly urges its significance as if nothing had happened! Here is an exhibi-



tion of something more than Christian charity—it is spiritual charity. It is doubtless important that spiritual platforms be kept free, notwithstanding these anonymous and mortification of the friend who skeptical neighbors are present on such occasions. For fear of these digressions, Spiritualists refrain from inviting their friends to these meetings; consequently, the spread of modern Spiritualism is circumscribed by these enemies of truth and free thought.

The friends who meet at Dadworth's Academy claim the privilege personally to meet in conference to interchange experiences and philosophies relating strictly to modern Spiritualism, and the right to do this, too, without being committed to or against "those religious and other exercises," or to swallow everybody's sectarianism or social hobbies, or to be unqualified for not accepting them or discussing them at these meetings; and it would seem that no Protestant, Spiritualist, Christian, philanthropist, or friend of free discussion or the right of private judgment, would attempt to appropriate a free platform consecrated to a particular object, viz. modern Spiritualism and its legitimate significance, and prostitute it to metaphysical, mythical, sophistical speculations, social hobbies, or the discussion or attempt at settlement of all the sectarian quarrels of the day. A free platform for the friendly interchange of experiences and sentiments respecting modern Spiritualism, does not imply the right of everybody to steal it, and bore the audience on other subjects.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM—WHAT DO THEY SIGNIFY?  
Christian signifies:

First. Belief in the mediocrity of Christ for intercourse with immortal spirits;

Second. That by virtue of such mediocrity he became the worthy exemplar of mortals in spirit, word, and deed;

Third. That he exists as an individuality in human form beyond the grave;

Fourth. That after death he appeared as a man; was recognized, and talked and walked with mortals;

Fifth. That the present life determines the relative degree of happiness on entering upon the life beyond.

Modern Spiritualism is all this, and more, viz.:

That not only Christ is immortal and capable of demonstrating the fact to men, but that mankind are immortal also, and speak to us to-day from the Spirit-world.

Since, then, Christianity and Spiritualism signify the same thing, the combination of the words Christian Spiritualism, or Christian Spiritualist, is manifestly improper, unless they be used to signify, in these proximate relations, something more than either signify separately. Accordingly they may together be used to signify:

First. Ignorance or rejection and repudiation of modern mediocrity;

Second. As a reproach and impeachment of others' piety and Christian graces;

Third. They may be used to signify that the neighbor is infidel to immortality, Christianity, and religion, notwithstanding his mediocrity, belief, and knowledge of modern Spiritualism;

Fourth. They may be used in a catch-penny sense, as has been done by persons for the heading of advertisements for the sale of second-hand clothing.

Fifth. They may be used also as distinctive terms to signify self-righteousness, like one of olden times, said, "We are holier than thou," etc. The significance of the words when used in conjunction, must be gathered from their connection, the evident purpose of their use, or the spiritual status of the man who uses them, whether he be on the spiritual or schism plane. Of course it is not supposable that earnest, true Spiritualists would use them in any reprehensible, catchpenny, self-righteous sense.

What is Spiritualism? Does anybody suppose that the name of Christ would have been handed down to us if he had not been a medium? Would the Bible have been preserved to these latter days if it had not contained the record of spiritual manifestations? Who are so bigoted or stupid as not to perceive that spiritual manifestations in all times and in all countries must necessarily have the same significance? From spiritual manifestations in ancient times, Christianity was evolved. Christ's life but symbolizes its influence, and without it he could not have lived the life he did. Its legitimate influence on mankind in all ages of the world is in the same direction, not that I would say all Spiritualists of our time are Christs, neither were they in his day. There was a Jesus among the selected twelve, and there

were others, at now, pandering to popular prejudice, ready to stand by him who should crucify the just one.

If the speech and action of men are the exponents of their perceptions and understandings of their own nature, relations and interests, how can a man speak or live in proper relation to a future existence if he knows nothing about it? Then how can a man in conscious intercourse with immortal spirits, totally disregard this knowledge in his speech and action? Impossible. But it does not follow that every man's experience, perceptions and comprehensions are precisely alike. Hence the diversities of characteristics among modern Spiritualists. But I affirm that the influence of modern Spiritualism upon mankind is in the same direction of that in more ancient times, upon Christ and his apostles, their friends and associates.

Now I respectfully object to the profanation of the words Christ, Christian, Christianity and Spiritualism. Let them stand as sacred monuments to the divine providence, and as such, transmit them in their purity to the remotest posterity.

It is asked, "Shall Spiritualists have a religion, or shall we, as Spiritualists, entirely ignore the religious principle, and trample it under foot?" I confess I do not know what is meant by "a religion?" I dare not answer this inquiry in the affirmative for fear somebody will avail themselves of the answer, and force their own conceptions of religion upon us as the very thing meant, and insist that we are by such answer bound to accept "a religion" of the Turks, Hindoos, Infidels, Mohammedans, Mormons, Free-Lovers, Socialists, infidels, fanatics, etc. But I insist that Spiritualists have religion, that is truth, not a religion; and I challenge everybody's observations, experience and judgment upon all things, and insist that each individual shall take the responsibility of his own religious convictions. The congregation at Dadworth's are bound to find religion, that is, truth. To me religion is truth, and nothing untrue is religion; but it is often called a religion.

Where is the test or standard of religion, and where are the two men in the wide universe who precisely agree as to what religion is. Then who shall presume to say, "we, as Spiritualists, entirely ignore the religious principle, and trample it under foot?" Have we divinely or self-appointed Popes to authoritatively dictate to us "a religion," and forthwith anathematize those who don't heed it? I confess I am not capable, in my normal state, of conceiving any philosophy or sophistry which can justify a Spiritualist in anathematizing brother Spiritualists as "entirely ignoring the religious principle, and trampling it under foot." Is there not "a religion" at least in Spiritualism, or what is this religion which is so much vaunted, but never shown, or stated? This religion seems to so disqualify its possessor for thinking or speaking any good of the neighbor, that I really don't think Spiritualists would be benefited by it.

Thus I have written because I have felt that it was the demand of liberty, harmony, truth, and the cause of modern Spiritualism; but in no personal ill-feelings to anybody who may be supposed to differ from these utterances, and especially let me say that the kindest personal relations subsist between Brother Fishbough and myself, and his remarks are only referred to as the latest public exponents of the general idea on which some of these remarks are based. I trust, our differences are mostly apparent, not real. They obtain chiefly through different forms of expressions which should be corrected, but not allowed to alienate friends or be continued to the just offence of the neighbor. And here I close my present remarks with the affirmation predicated on a long experience and large observation of the influence of modern Spiritualism upon mankind, that its tendency is, and must ever be, in the same direction as those more ancient spiritual manifestations from which Christianity is evolved.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Mount Ararat.—An interesting account appears in the London Times of the ascent of Mount Ararat. The natives believed the feat to be impossible, and that the summit was guarded by Divine prohibition. It is seventeen thousand, three hundred and twenty-three feet above the sea level, and terminates in a precipitous snow-capped cone which has hitherto foiled all the attempts of explorers. Major Robert Stewart, who was one of the party, and who writes the account of it from Erzerum, states that on reaching the top they stuck to the hill in the snow, a short double-edged sword. They also drank the health of the Queen. On this he observes: "Her Majesty's name is probably the first that has ever been pronounced on that solemn height since it was quitted by the great patriarch of the human race. No record can be found, nor does any tradition exist, of the ascent having ever been made before."

## Original Communications.

### EXPERIENCE WITH SPIRITS.

FRANCIS, November 23, 1856.

REVEREND PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have been deeply interested in reading Judge Edmunds' letter in the TELEGRAPH of November 22. I think it is just the instruction needed at the present time. I think Spiritualists are in need of those truths concerning spirit sight and hearing, in order to judge correctly at all times, especially those who do not possess the gift of discerning spirits. My own experience is similar to the Judge's in respect to seeing and hearing the spirits; and in this connection I will give you some of my experience, and relate some facts connected with my gift of seeing:

I have often seen beings clothed in white, bending most lovingly over us, communicating some glorious truth, and, at the same time, I have seen those of a grosser appearance trying to influence some other person in the same company, apparently unconscious of those spirits who were communicating to me. I have been brought in support with those influences until my soul was filled with confusion. Afterward another medium, then present, has received a communication from a spirit, stating that my communication was from my own mind, and that no spirit was then communicating with me. This last communication was believed, for their spirit friend would not tell anything that was false. Now I understood why it was so communicated, because saw both, and I knew the latter appeared entirely unconscious of the presence of the former.

When I have been in a superior, or clairvoyant state, I have seen beings making sport of, and using their modifications upon, individuals present, while they appeared unconscious of my being a witness to the proceedings, unless I told the individuals, when they would appear to read their minds, and by that means the spirit's attention would be directed to me, and seeing they were detected they would immediately leave. Sometimes, when they have been conscious that I saw them, they would try to annoy me, and sometimes I have seen bright ones approach them, when they would leave apparently in fear.

I have seen spirits approach their friends, apparently unconscious of my presence, and when I have described the spirits who stood by them, they did not notice me until the person asked me if the spirit could not communicate through me? Then, seeing me, they would approach me, and try to do as requested.

I will here relate one or two facts that may be interesting to you: A few months since a lady came to me—an entire stranger, and desirous of remaining so—to get some communication in regard to some trouble she was then in. When my vision was opened, I saw a mail-cloud-looking being blowing upon her head and back. He continued this operation without noticing me, or being conscious of the presence of any one else. It gave me such a feeling of repugnance, that I felt I could not continue the sitting. I subsequently learned that she was suspicious of the treachery of a friend, and although she had received communications to the contrary through two mediums beside myself, and had other proofs to the same effect, yet she could not be persuaded it was not so; and so powerfully had her suspicions wrought upon her mind, that it had produced a partial mental aberration.

Another instance I will mention, although it may not be as interesting to others as it was to myself: It was the case of a lady who had been sick a number of months. When she was first taken sick, her mother desired her to come to me for a clairvoyant examination. This she refused to do until she and her friends thought she could not recover. It was the general opinion of people that she was in consumption, and could not get well. In this situation she came to me, and I gave her an examination which satisfied her so well that she decided to use my prescription, although she had but little encouragement given her of getting entirely well. After taking the medicine a while, she found herself somewhat better. But some of the members of the church to which she belonged found out that she had been to me; they went to and tried to persuade her it was wrong, and that it would be better to die than to be cured in this way. She finally employed her former physician, but she grew worse. Then she came to me wishing me to commence with her again, and to keep it a profound secret that she was under the spirit's treatment. The result was, that by laying on of hands, combined with medicine, she has so far recovered as not only to work, but to attend church all day Sunday a number of Sundays in succession. Moreover, she has been partially delivered as a tipping medium, although secretly, "For fear of the Jews."

But to the point: After attending church all day on Sunday, and exercising a good deal on Monday, she felt desirous of going visiting on Tuesday; but when seated at the table, it was spelled out to her, "No calls to-day;" and then was signed her spirit-doctor's name. At this she felt disappointed and vexed, and expressed her vexation perhaps rather more sanely than she would to one in the flesh. After expressing herself angrily, she began to feel nervous; her old pains returned, and before evening she felt quite sick. Her mother insisted that she should come and see me, although she felt that she could not leave her room. She came; I knew nothing of what had transpired, but when my vision was opened, I saw an unpleasant-looking spirit standing by her, breathing upon her, and I could see he had surrounded her with a bluish atmosphere, while her spirit-doctor stood at a distance. I was influenced, and mentioned her treatment to her physician, and told her he was grieved at her unwillingness to obey, and her unkind treatment to him, and that he had left her to show her what her condition would be, and how much she was indebted to ministering spirits for her strength. He referred her to the many times he had sustained her when performing some physical exertion. His fatherly counsel affected her to tears; then he returned to her side, and the



other Spirit left. I could see him removing the bluish atmosphere, and she was restored to her usual calmness, and her pains left her, although she felt weak afterward. To me this was fraught with much instruction. As Jesus breathed upon his disciples after his resurrection, that they might receive the Holy Ghost, so undeveloped Spirits breathe their influences upon those whom they approach.

One time at our circle I saw what appeared to be two armies in contention. I soon discovered that their contention was on our account. A white flag was hoisted between the two parties, until they could ascertain who of us were for the bright ones, and who for the opposite. They told us we were to decide the battle, and asked for which we would decide—whether we would strive to overcome evil in ourselves or not? After receiving our answer, the dark ones all left except a few who were left to watch us.

In closing, let me remark upon the instruction we have received in regard to forming a circle. In the first place I saw a spiral circle, or circle within circle. I saw people as they came into this circle; they came in at the center and all moved along, so that there was a simultaneous move throughout the whole circle. I noticed that those who just came in appeared less beautiful than those who had been in longer. I noticed that the farther they proceeded toward the outer circle, the more beautiful they became. We were told to imitate this vision in forming our circle—to admit every one at the same point, and if necessary, that those who had been longer associated together should sit around those in spiral order. We have done so. When we have more than twelve (our usual number), we sit out around the others, and we find we have much greater harmony. We admit one or two at a time—never more than three.

Respectfully yours, E. W. SIDNEY.

#### A SPIRIT IDENTIFIED.

CLAY, N. Y., November 23, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen—As you call for facts, I send you one or two, which we call good tests. Let me premise by saying, that some time early last spring, one of our old, substantial and influential citizens, went to Binghampton on a visit. While there he investigated Spiritualism. The result was, he became converted, and now is one of its most ardent advocates. On the 16th of last August, a private circle was called for the special benefit of our new convert. The manner of communication was through the dial. The evening was spent pleasantly, more especially by our friend, who talked all the evening with his Spirit friends, to the entire exclusion of the rest. Now comes the test:

We had taken our hats to retire, when the medium says, "There is another Spirit that wishes to communicate." We directed our attention to the dial to see what Spirit had come. Our school-teacher, Miss A. M. P., who had been calling the alphabet all the evening, began again, when the name of "Maggie" was spelled. The question was asked, Who could Maggie be? The dial continued to move, and "Banks" was spelled. Miss P. pronounced the name with a great deal of emphasis. We inquired again who Maggie Banks could be? Miss P. said she was a friend of hers. We asked if the Spirit would give Anna a test, and the response was, "Yes." It was then asked how long it had been in the Spirit-world, and with what disease it died? The answer was, "I died with consumption two years ago." Miss P. corroborated the statement of the Spirit, and said it was correct. The dial moved again, and the following was spelled: "I have seen the poetry—you understand me. But O! Anna, what lies under them would be no pleasure to you." With a great deal of agitation, Miss P. says to the medium, "Did I not tell you about those verses?" "No," responds the medium; "this is the first time I ever heard of them or Maggie Banks."

Again the dial moved, and the following was received: "Susie came, as she thought, alone; but I was with her, and smiled as she buried them." "Is it possible," says Miss P., "this is the Spirit of Maggie Banks?" The Spirit responds, "It is Maggie Banks conversing with you." Miss P. then explained the matter, which to us had been a profound secret. She said, soon after the death of Maggie, which occurred in Westchester county, N. Y., she agreed with Maggie's sister, Susie, to compose some verses on Maggie's death, and Susie was to bury them on (in) Maggie's grave. Miss P. neglected to do so until about the first of August last, when she composed the verses referred to by the Spirit, and sent them to Susie. She has no knowledge of Susie's burying the verses, except what the Spirit had said. If she ascertains this to be true, then we have a double test. She has written once without any reply. She intends to write again soon. Miss P. presented the original and read them to us, a copy of which I send you to be published in connection with this, if you consider them worth an insertion. We then retired, with spiritual food enough to digest for a week. As I remarked in my other communication, our medium has removed to another location, which makes us lonely indeed. Ever thine,

ORRIS BARNES.

#### TO OUR LOST SISTER MAGGIE.

The summer flowers, Maggie,  
Are blooming o'er thy head,  
While thou art sweetly slumbering  
Upon thy lowly bed.

The birds are singing gayly  
Their matins on the tree,  
And earth is teeming gladly—  
But what of this to thee?

Thou art surrounded, darling,  
By songs of purer birth  
Than ever God hath visited  
Upon our dying earth.

Cold Jordan's streams, dear Maggie,  
Have vanished one by one,  
And thou hast left the loved ones,  
To mourn for thee at home.

Yes, dearest, how they've missed thee,  
Those aching hearts can tell;  
But faith in Christ hath taught them  
That all for thee "is well."

Thou hast suffered, dearest Maggie,  
As only those can know  
Who have felt the self-same suffering  
And have borne the self-same blow.

But thy Spirit soared on pinions  
Of everlasting light,  
To worlds of purer glory,  
Where none shall say, "Good night."

For weeks and months an angel,  
Disguised in "Susie's" form,  
Stood calmly by thy bed-side,  
To soothe life's passing storm.

O, many a night that sister  
Hath watched, and wept, and prayed,  
As death crept slowly o'er thee  
And caused thy cheeks to fade.

Oft has she knelt beside thee  
While on thy bed of pain,  
And prayed that "God would give thee  
To her in love again."

She saw the rose grow paler  
Upon thy cheeks so thin,  
And the hectic flush grow brighter  
As life was growing dim.

No wonder that the tear-drops  
Were gushing from her eyes,  
As she saw thy gentle Spirit  
Departing for the skies.

One ardent kiss she gave thee—  
One pressure of the hand;  
And thou didst kindly whisper,  
"We'll meet in yon blessed land."

Dear Maggie, if 'tis given  
To meet the loved ones here,  
O may thy Spirit linger  
Around our Susie dear.

And when our earthly mission  
Is finished here below,  
O may we meet thee, Maggie,  
Where tears can never flow.

A. M. PURDY.

#### MISS EMMA FRANCES JAY AT THE WEST.

KENOSHA, WIS., November 12, 1856.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:

The absorbing interest of politics here was very agreeably interrupted by the advent of Miss JAY, who gave us several lectures on Spiritualism while in the peculiar condition in which she receives her inspirations. Miss Jay, perhaps you are aware, is almost a native of this place, having spent a number of the early years of her life here; and hence many persons here have watched her more recent labors with interest, and looked with some impatience for her coming. I had read and heard considerable of the remarkable ability she manifested in her public lectures, but I am so familiar with newspaper exaggeration that I attached no great importance to what was said. But I can say with truth, after listening, that the half had not been told; and I am sure, however the crowd who listened may have differed in opinion as to the real cause or source of the manifestations, they could not have differed as to their remarkable and exalted merits. The skeptics and cavilers were forced to admit that the lectures, in eloquence, in point, in conciseness, in connectness, in short, in all that makes a lecture either attractive or useful, could not well be surpassed. And I think, however they may have attempted to conceal their real conclusions, that they could not avoid having at least misgivings that the source of the remarkable ability manifested, was really where the Spiritualists claim it to be. Her lectures have done much good. Some skeptics have been convinced; others who were indifferent have been led to inquire, and the few Spiritualists here have been encouraged and inspired. I may mention, as an encouraging sign, that one of our Orthodox clergymen has felt it necessary to devote a sermon especially to Spiritualism, taking Miss Jay's labors as a text.

Beside her public labors, I was fortunate enough to be present at a sitting, in company with a few friends. On this occasion the main interest was in the musical manifestation. Miss Jay, as you are aware, is no ordinary vocalist in her normal condition. On this occasion she seated herself at the piano, in her normal condition, but was soon under the influence of what purported to be the Spirit of Jesse Hutchinson—in which condition she sang and played some of the favorite music of that bard with a pathos, power, beauty, and thrilling effect, such as I never heard approached, and which must have convinced any person that some unseen and exalted agency was at work in producing it. Beside this, she extemporized songs and music, and sung and played both—all of a most exalted character. I have witnessed considerable of what is called spiritual manifestations, but never any which, for their convincing nature, pleasing and beneficial effect, began to compare with

these through this medium. Miss Jay can not otherwise than exercise a most marked influence in advancing the cause of Spiritualism wherever she may go; and the friends, in every place, it seems to me, could not do the cause better service than by securing her ministrations.

In conclusion, as Spiritualism presents such a philosophical, rational explanation of such facts as these, as well as the remarkable facts occurring throughout the whole country, why is it that people will persist in taxing their credulity to find unreasonable and impossible explanations for them, in preference to receiving this rational solution? Truly our opponents are a most credulous people! Yours, O.

#### SPIRIT SAW-FILING—DANCING—HEALING.

APPLETON, WIS., November 15, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

In answer to your call for facts, permit me to give you a brief history of Spiritualism in Appleton, which may be interesting, to some at least of the many readers of the TELEGRAPH. About two years since, a few honest inquirers, at the suggestion of a Mr. Patton who had witnessed many manifestations in the State of New York, we formed a circle for Spirit-manifestations; and though for a time skeptical for want of evidence, our unbelief was soon numbered with the things that were, by manifestations which we received through one of our number who was developed as a personating medium, and by whose astonishing representations many have since been convinced of Spirit-power. A great variety of manifestations have been produced through him, one of which I will mention. This medium had just purchased a saw-mill, and being wholly unacquainted with sawing, had been in the habit of hiring a man in a shop adjoining, to put his saw in order, though he had several times attempted to do it himself, but invariably made a bad job of it, and for some time had given it up; when one day, being unable to get the usual assistance, he undertook it again. He soon became partially unconscious, and proceeded; and just as he had finished his task, I was passing through the mill, and he asked me to look at his saw; I did so, and a more perfect job could not be done. He was influenced in this way for about ten days, during which time he, by conversing with his Spirit-sawyer, became familiar with the process, and has since done his own filing.

Many things have occurred that have been interesting to us, which brevity forbids me to mention; but I wish to speak of one other. At a circle held in September last, there was present with us a Mrs. Bachelder, of Menasha, a very good speaking medium. She soon became influenced by an Indian Spirit; and as there chanced to be a half-breed of the Menominee tribe present, she asked him, in that tongue, if he would like to see the war-dance; and on being answered in the affirmative, six other mediums came under similar influence; and though no person in the room had ever seen the performance, he admitted that it was well represented, and during the performance, remarked that he had seen that done more than a thousand times, etc.

I might mention several cases of healing, but one may suffice. At the circle above mentioned, there was present a young man who had been afflicted for two or three years with rheumatism, and for the preceding four weeks had the fever and ague every day. He was placed in the circle by Spirit direction, and two mediums were influenced to make passes over him; and strange as it may appear, he has not had an ague-fit since, and was, in a short time, better able to labor than he had been for a long time previously.

But it has been reserved for Emma Francis Jay, who gave us a lecture on the 8th instant, to utterly confound the most obstinate, completely captivate the unprejudiced, and render the most perfect satisfaction to those who believe. Hear what the *Appleton Crescent* says:

MISS EMMA FRANCES JAY, of New York, addressed an immense audience at the Court House, on Saturday evening, on Spiritualism. She spoke in the trance-state, as is generally expressed. As an elocutionist, all agree that she is far superior to any person ever heard in Appleton. She has since spoken at Menasha and Oshkosh, and is creating universal amazement wherever she goes.

Miss JAY is apparently about twenty-five years of age, of wonderful intellectual capacity, and agreeable manners, and must exert an influence on the popular mind.

Yours in the Faith that makes us free,

E. H. LADD.

#### BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

At his residence, near New Castle, Penn., on the 3d October, 1856, Doct. JOSEPH POLLOCK, aged sixty-nine years. The deceased was truly one of the "Nobility of Nature;" kind, hospitable, benevolent and generous, he was beloved and respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. At one time he represented his District in the State Legislature, since which he has held several posts of honor and influence. With a mind highly cultivated, enlightened and philosophic, he found the evidences of the popular theology of the day inadequate to convince him of its truthfulness; hence he lived surrounded by the dark and dreary clouds of skepticism until within a few years past. The writer of this well knows his honesty of purpose and earnest desire for the knowledge of truth, even when the world called him an infidel. But Spiritualism, as an Angel of Light, came to his relief; and so determined was he to know the truth and avoid deception, that he visited Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Cincinnati, to investigate the new evidences of immortality and eternal life. His labor resulted, as it has with all others who examine for themselves, in a firm, undoubted conviction of its truth; and no Christian, so far as our experience goes, rested throughout a lingering, painful illness, with a more cheering assurance of a happy immortality than did he. A little before his departure he grasped us by the hand, when about leaving him, and said: "Well, Judge, I shall never be able to repay you in this world for your kindness and attention to me, but, blessed be God, we shall spend a long eternity together, and there we will make all things right!" and in this calm, serene state of mind he fell asleep to wake up in a brighter and more congenial land.

L. B.



## Interesting Miscellany.

## DR FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.

While the name of Franklin has been so prominently before the public of late, in connection with the celebration at Boston, it may not be uninteresting to give an account of his only son, William, about whom we think little is known by the community at large. Unlike his father, whose chief claim to veneration is for the invaluable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was, from first to last, a devoted loyalist. Before the Revolutionary War, he held several civil and military offices of importance. At the commencement of the war, he held the office of Governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1773.

When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favor of loyalty and endeavored to prevent the legislative assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress at Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs, to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained about two years in East Windsor, in the house of Capt. Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1788 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he sustained. He died in 1813, at the age of 82.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says: "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted, in my old age, by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds, "The part he acted in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate than he endeavored to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth all the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.—*Nashburyport Herald*.

**THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR ALL.**—In looking at our age, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic; and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged, petted individual, is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of a few, not of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguised envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.—*Dr. Channing*.

**ANCIENT CUSTOMS.**—Many of the old customs bequeathed to us by our forefathers, are fast wearing away, and the few which remain, however superstitious, are regarded with something like affection by those who love to trace the manner of the olden time. In the county of Hertford, England, some of the Roman and feudal ceremonies are still practiced. On the even of Old Christmas Day, there are thirteen fires lighted in the corn-fields of many of the farms, twelve of them in a circle, and one round a pole, much longer and higher than the rest, in the center. These are dignified with the names of the Virgin Mary and twelve Apostles, the Lady being in the middle, and while they are burning, the laborers retire into some shed or out-house, where they can behold the brightness of the Apostolic flame. Into this shed they lead a cow, on whose horn a plum-cake has been stuck; the oldest laborer takes a pail of cider, and addresses the following lines to his cow, with great solemnity; after which the verse is chanted in chorus by all present:

Here's to thy pretty face and thy white horn:  
God send thy master a good crop of corn,  
Both wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain,  
And next year, if we live, we'll drink to thee again.

He then dashes the cider in the cow's face, when by a violent toss of her head, she throws the plum-cake on the ground; and if it fall forward, it is an omen that the next harvest will be good; if backward, that it will be unfavorable. This is the ceremony at the beginning of the rural feast, which is generally prolonged to the following morning.

## WESTERN ANNOYANCES.

JUDGE J., who has recently returned from a tour in the West, relates an anecdote illustrating the horrors to which travelers in that region are exposed. In his passage to one of the rivers, he fell in company with a talkative lady and gentleman, to whom he was relating some of his sufferings from mosquitoes.

"Husband," said the lady to the gentleman owning that title, "you had better tell the gentleman about the man we met—in Iowa."

The hint was sufficient, and the "husband" proceeded to say that, in their travels farther West, they made the acquaintance of a stalwart, rollicking, western hoosier, one of the genus who could "whip his weight in wild-cats;" but who possessed a fund of quiet humor. On one occasion, they had stopped at a hotel in the interior, not of the most inviting appearance. They were shown to their rooms, the hoosier at one end, and the lady and gentleman at the other end of a long hall. About midnight the drowsy couple were startled by a report of firearms, proceeding from the end of the hall occupied by their traveling companion. Both started up in the bed and began to speculate upon the probable cause of the untimely alarm, when they heard a rushing of feet and a confusion of voices in the hall. On going to the door, the gentleman found the whole household, headed by the landlord, rushing in the direction of the report. His curiosity led him to join this midnight procession, and he arrived with the rest, in front of the hoosier's door. The landlord tried the latch, but found the door fast, whereupon, in a loud voice, he demanded admission.

"What do you want?" roared a voice within.

"Want to come in!" replied the landlord.

"Can't do it," was the response from within, "It's my room, and I'm in bed—can't come in."

"Let me in?" shouted the landlord, in a louder tone, at the same time shaking the door violently, "or I'll break the door down!"

"Hold on!" rejoined the voice within; "I'll open the door."

The door was soon open, when in rushed the whole party, expecting to see the whole floor covered with blood. What was their surprise to see everything in its proper place, and the hoosier calm and unconcerned. A revolver was carelessly lying upon the bed.

"Who fired that pistol?" demanded the landlord.

"I did," was the reply.

"Why?" asked the landlord.

The hoosier stepped to the bed, and throwing open the covering, said, "Look here. Do you see that?"

The attention of the party was at once directed to the point indicated, and there over the whole surface of the sheet, bed-bugs were scampering in every direction, like a flock of sheep frightened by a dog. The landlord was chagrined and puzzled and looked to his lodger for an explanation.

"These," began the hoosier, straightening himself up to his full height and gestulating with his right hand in grandiloquent style, "these are my friends! I have settled an armistice with them, and we are on friendly terms, but on the window sill there, just outside, you will find two infernal big fellows that I couldn't do anything with, and so I just put a bullet through 'em. But it's all right now, it's all understood between me and my friends here, and we shall get along well enough now."

It is needless to add, that the landlord retired to his own bed visibly crest-fallen, while the spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh.

**EARLY PUBLICATION OF BOOKS.**—In 1639 the first printing press was established in America, and on the following year a book was printed from it, being the first published in the colonies. It was shortly after republished in England, where it passed through not less than eighteen editions between that period and 1754, thus maintaining a hold on English popularity for 114 years. The name of this book was "The Bay Psalm Book." It passed through twenty-two editions in Scotland, the last bearing date 1759; and as it was reprinted without any pecuniary benefit ensuing to the compiler from its sale, the somewhat remarkable fact is disclosed, that England pirated the first American book, and was in reality the original aggressor in this line. This book enjoyed a greater and more lasting reputation than any succeeding one of American origin, having passed through seventy editions—a very remarkable number for the age in which it was produced. The first American Bible was published at Cambridge, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1663, and as it was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures in the colonies, this one was published in the Indian language. It was the famous Bible of Eliot, the missionary, about 1,500 copies of which were struck off. These are now rare and sealed books—rare, because only a few copies can be found in our public libraries; sealed, because the tongue in which they were written has literally become a dead language, for the tribe and all who had a knowledge of their dialect have ceased to exist. It remains a striking monument of the piety, perseverance, and learning of Eliot. Soon after this, from a log cabin in New England, came forth "Newman's Concordance of the Scriptures," which, as a theological work (and the first theological work in America,) was admitted to be one of the most perfect, holding its place in public esteem until superseded by Cruden, which it suggested.

**SINGULAR PHENOMENON.**—In the recent balloon ascension from Philadelphia, by Mr. Godard, he was accompanied by several excursionists. One of the peculiarities of the ride was the remarkable echo at the height of ten thousand feet. Mr. Godard sang a song, and each stanza was as distinctly sung by the echo, as sweet and melodious as the voice which uttered the words. The party at this altitude could also hear the barking of dogs, and even the cackling of chickens and their maternal progenitors.—*Boston Traveler*.

## THE BIBLE.

Few are aware that the events of "Passion Week," as it is called, occupy one quarter part of the Gospel of Matthew, more than a quarter of Mark, nearly as much in Luke, and more than a third of John.

Out of the eighty-nine chapters of the Four Gospels, twenty-five are filled with what transpired during these six days of the History of our Lord and Savior. The events of these days are so clearly marked that it is easy to note them from day to day, beginning with his triumphant entrance into the Holy City on the first day, and his crucifixion on the sixth.

The number of books in the Jewish Canon was equal to the number of Hebrew letters or twenty-two, and that this number might not be exceeded, the Book of Ruth was joined to that of Judges, and the Lamentations to the Prophecy of Jeremiah. The books that were not contained in this number were excluded and deemed apocryphal.

The Jews at an early period divided the five Books of Moses into sections, equal to the number of Sabbaths in the year.

The first division of the Divine Oracles into chapters and verses is attributed to Stephen Langdon, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, in the latter end of the twelfth century or beginning of the thirteenth. He died A. D. 1228.

Cardinal Hugo for the purpose of forming a Concordance to the Vulgate version, divided the Old Testament into chapters as they now stand, A. D. 1240.

Rabbi Nathan adopted a similar plan in arranging a Concordance of the Hebrew Bible, 1438.

Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, divided the sections of Hugo into verses as we now have them, A. D. 1661.

The Septuagint, the first translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew into the Greek, was made by seventy-two interpreters by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It is thence called the Septuagint version. Josephus asserts it was completed in seventy-two days at Alexandria, A. C. 277. Lefet and Blair fix its commencement 283 or 284 A. C. The Jewish Sanhedrim consisted of seventy or seventy-two members, hence probably the number of translators. According to Justin Martyr the seventy-two were shut up in thirty-six cells, and each pair translated the whole, and on subsequent comparison it was found that the thirty-six copies did not vary by a letter.—*Portland Transcript*.

**GERMAN SUPERNATURALISM.**—In the new collection of German Legends by Ferdinand Bassler, occurs the subjoined story: A certain queen lay dead in bed of state, in a room hung with black. At night the room was lighted with wax tapers, and a captain, with nine-and-forty men, was stationed on guard in an ante-chamber. Toward midnight, the captain hearing a coach-and-six draw up to the castle, went down to meet it, when he was met by a lady of noble appearance, clad in mourning, who asked his permission to remain a short time by the dead body. He objected, that it was not in his power to grant her request; but she called herself by a familiar name, and argued that, as the late Queen's GOVERNANTE, she had a right to see her before she was buried. He wavered for some time, but she became so urgent, that he could excuse himself no longer. He therefore led her into the room, and having closed the door upon her, walked up and down outside. After a while he stopped, listened, and peeped through the key-hole, when, lo! he beheld the dead queen sitting upright, and whispering with her eyes closed, and without any sign of life beyond a slight movement of the lips. He ordered the soldiers to peep, one after the other, and all of them saw the same thing. When he himself returned to the key-hole the dead queen was slowly resuming her former position on the state bed. Soon afterward the lady came out of the room, and was conducted down stairs by the captain, who felt while he led her to the carriage, that her hand was as cold as ice. The coach went on as fast as it had come, and the captain perceived that the horses breathed fire in the distance. On the following morning news arrived that the GOVERNANTE, who lived in a country house several miles off, had died at the very hour at which she had sat by the dead body.

**CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.**—A Pittsburg Journal gives the following account of a case of somnambulism which occurred at the residence of a gentleman near that city:

"Hearing footsteps upon the stairs about midnight, and suspecting burglars might be about the premises, the gentleman rose from his bed and took down a double-barreled gun, with which in his hand he proceeded to the door entering into the hall. Reaching the door, he applied his ear to the key-hole, and heard what he thought the rustling of garments upon the stairs. Hastily drawing a chair to the door, he stepped upon it and inserted the gun through the transom. Just then the thought occurred to him that it might be his daughter, who sometime previously was addicted to waking in her sleep. Peeping out into the hall, with the gun still in his hand to be used in case circumstances warranted it, he found the apartment entirely vacant, and, lighting a lamp, he then ascended the stairs. Imagine his surprise and terror on looking out of the chamber window, to see among the branches of a tall tree which grew there, his daughter, dressed in her night habiliments and seemingly utterly unconscious of her perilous position. Without uttering a word or making a sound calculated to frighten her, he stepped out of the window himself, and winding one arm tightly around the waist of the sleeping girl, he with great caution managed to gain the hall with his precious burden. The surprise of the young lady when she awoke and was informed of her perilous adventure, can be better imagined than described."

A PHYSICIAN of Cincinnati has discovered that wearing mustaches strengthens the eye-sight, and that the removal of these hairy appendages has the effect of causing several diseases of the eyes.